TOMB OF DRACULA ™

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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™ LORD OF VAMPIRES!

COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE

YOU KILLED MY SON JANUS, HUMAN FOOL...

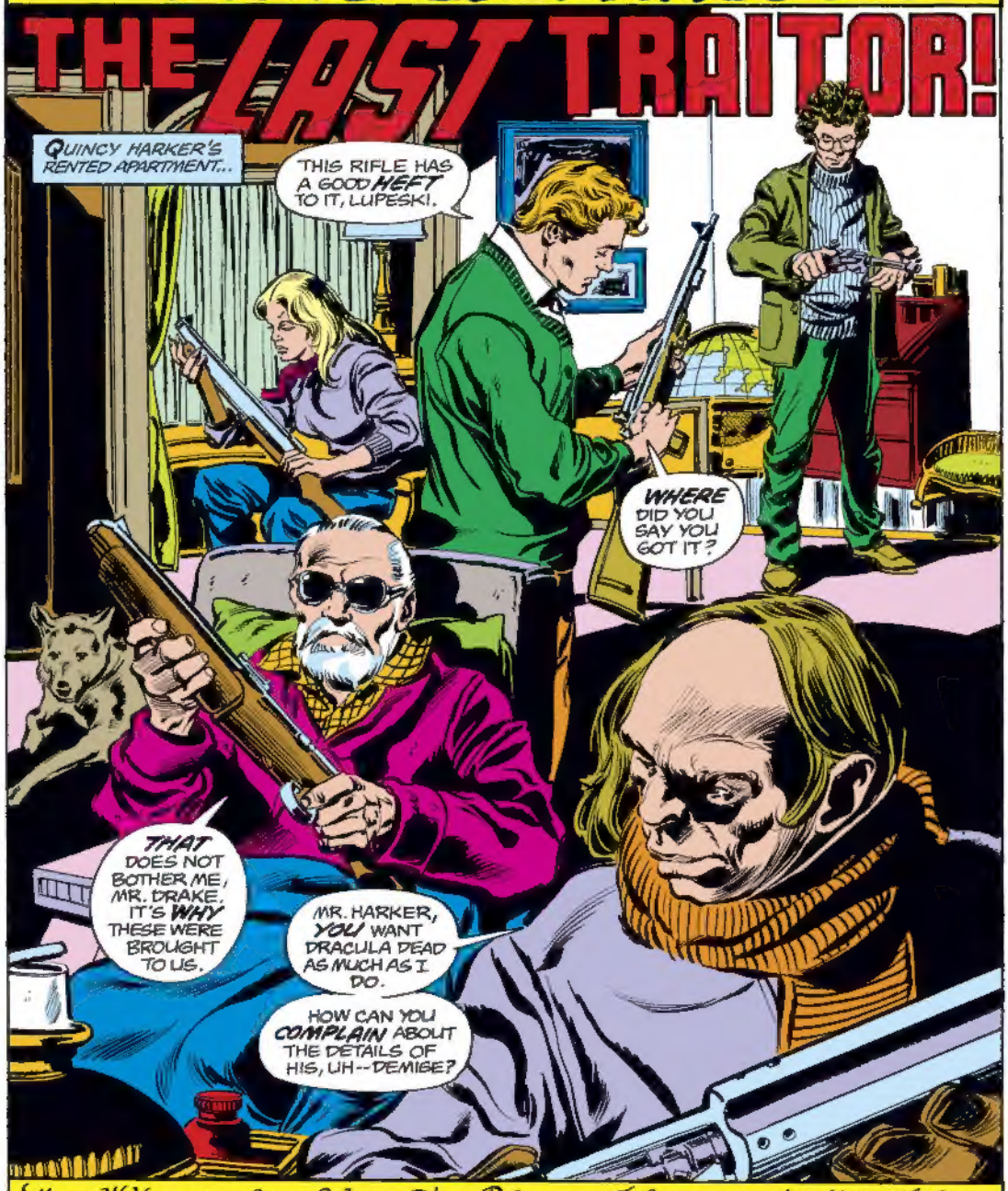
NOW DRACULA MUST SLAY YOU!

THE MOST SHOCKING STORY OF ALL! THE LAST TRAITOR!

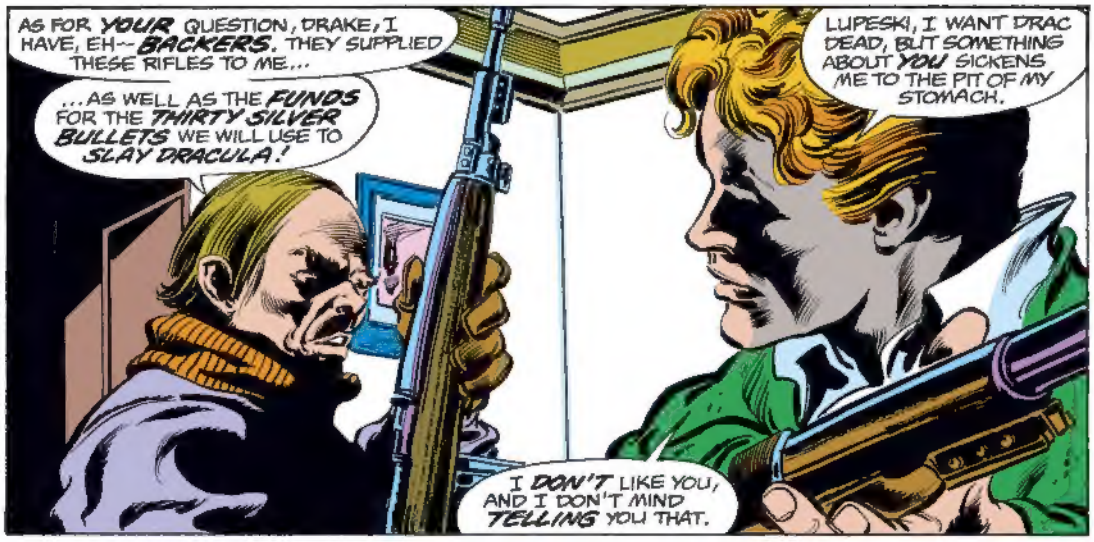
Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die.* Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA™

THE LAST TRAITOR!

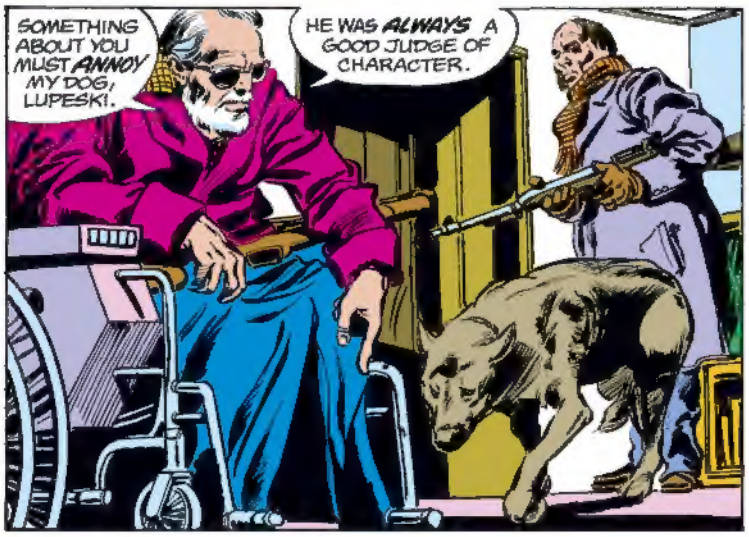

QUINCY HARKER'S RENTED APARTMENT...
THIS RIFLE HAS A GOOD HEFT TO IT, LUPESKI.
WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU GOT IT?
THAT DOES NOT BOTHER ME, MR. DRAKE. IT'S WHY THESE WERE BROUGHT TO US.
MR. HARKER, YOU WANT DRACULA DEAD AS MUCH AS I DO.
HOW CAN YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT THE DETAILS OF HIS, UH--DEMISE?

Marv Wolfman . Gene Colan & Tom Palmer . J. Costanza . M & M Wolfman
WRITER / EDITOR — ARTISTS — LETTERER — COLORIST

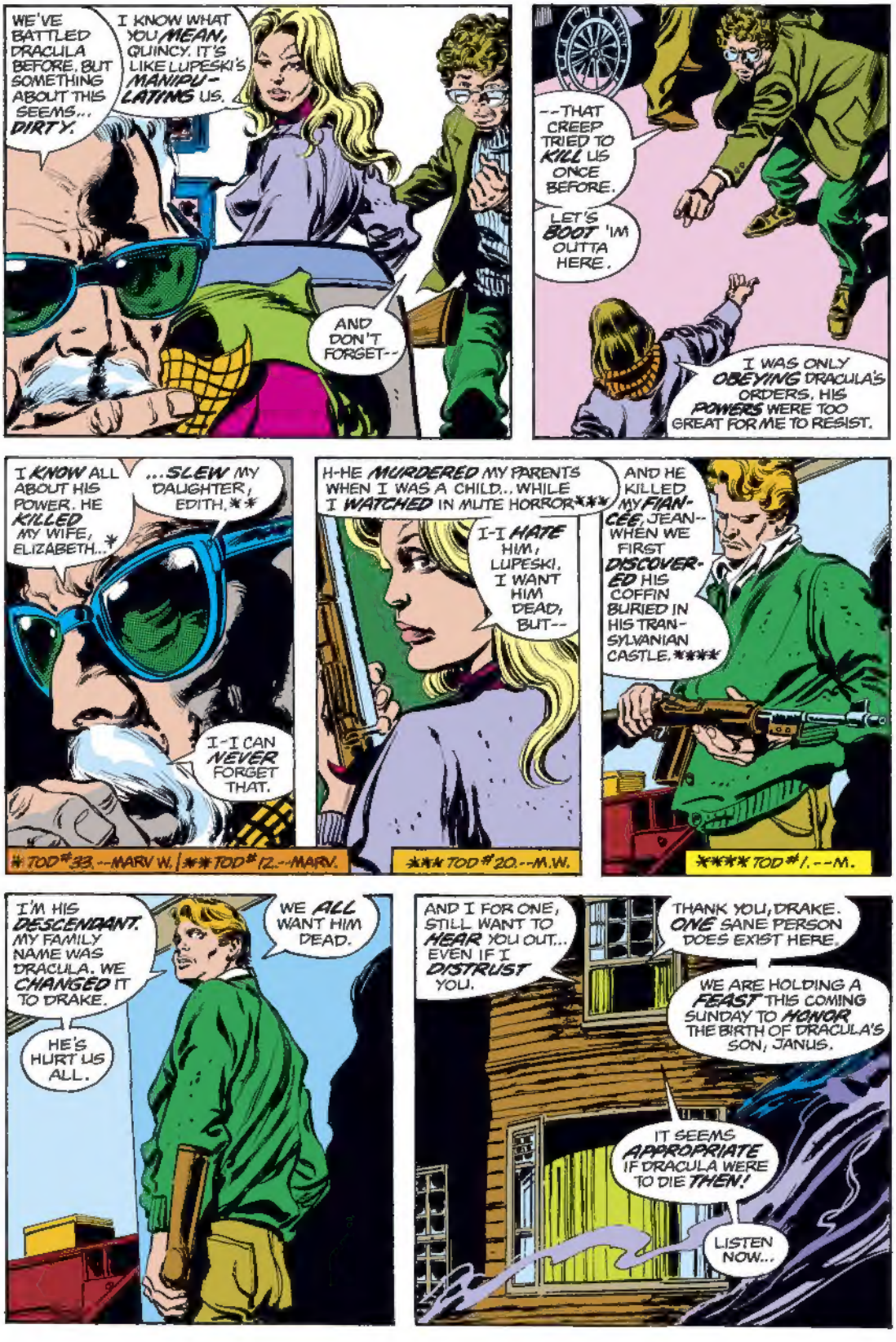

AS FOR YOUR QUESTION, DRAKE, I HAVE, EH-- BACKERS. THEY SUPPLIED THESE RIFLES TO ME...
...AS WELL AS THE FUNDS FOR THE THIRTY SILVER BULLETS WE WILL USE TO SLAY DRACULA!
LUPESKI, I WANT DRAC DEAD, BUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOU SICKENS ME TO THE PIT OF MY STOMACH.
I DON'T LIKE YOU, AND I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU THAT.

BECAUSE I AM A SATANIST, DRAKE? WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FREE-DOM OF RELIGION?
WE BOTH BELIEVE IN GODS, DRAKE. DIFFERENT ONES, PERHAPS. BUT WE BELIEVE.
AND ONE DAY SOON, WE SHALL PERHAPS SEE WHOSE GOD IS THE STRONGER ONE.

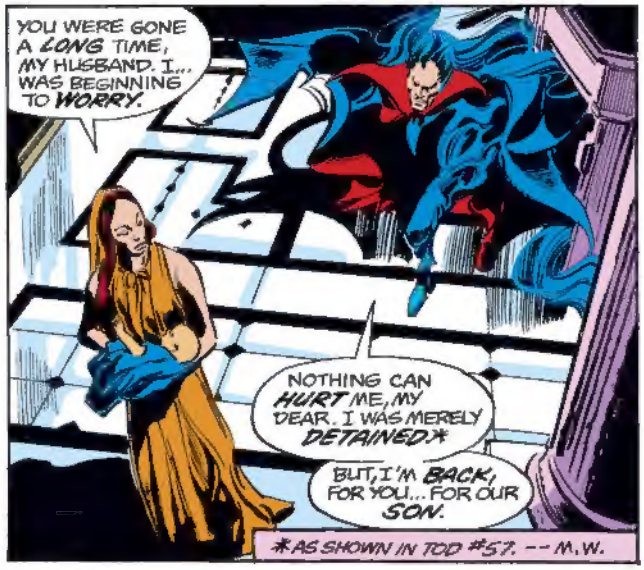
SAINT!
GRRRRRRRR


SOMETHING ABOUT YOU MUST ANNOY MY DOG, LUPESKI.
HE WAS ALWAYS A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER.

YOU SEE, LUPESKI, I AGREE WITH MR. DRAKE. WE MAY BOTH WISH DRACULA DEAD-- BUT OUR REASONS ARE FUNDAMENTALLY DIFFERENT.
I-I DON'T KNOW. I'M NOT SURE I CAN GO ALONG WITH WHAT YOU WANT US TO DO.


WE'VE BATTLED DRACULA BEFORE, BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SEEMS... DIRTY.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, QUINCY. IT'S LIKE LUPESKI'S MANIPU-LATING US.
AND DON'T FORGET--
--THAT CREEP TRIED TO KILL US ONCE BEFORE.
LET'S BOOT 'IM OUTTA HERE.
I WAS ONLY OBEYING DRACULA'S ORDERS. HIS POWERS WERE TOO GREAT FOR ME TO RESIST.
I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIS POWER. HE KILLED MY WIFE, ELIZABETH..*
...SLEW MY DAUGHTER, EDITH.**
I-I CAN NEVER FORGET THAT.
H-HE MURDERED MY PARENTS WHEN I WAS A CHILD.. WHILE I WATCHED IN MUTE HORROR***
I-I HATE HIM, LUPESKI, I WANT HIM DEAD, BUT--
AND HE KILLED MY FIANCÉE, JEAN-- WHEN WE FIRST DISCOVERED HIS COFFIN BURIED IN HIS TRANSYLVANIAN CASTLE.****
* TOD # 33. --MARV W. | ** TOD # 12.--MARV.
*** TOD # 20.--M.W.
**** TOD # 1.--M.
I'M HIS DESCENDANT. MY FAMILY NAME WAS DRACULA. WE CHANGED IT TO DRAKE.
HE'S HURT US ALL.
WE ALL WANT HIM DEAD.
AND I FOR ONE, STILL WANT TO HEAR YOU OUT... EVEN IF I DISTRUST YOU.
THANK YOU, DRAKE. ONE SANE PERSON DOES EXIST HERE.
WE ARE HOLDING A FEAST THIS COMING SUNDAY TO HONOR THE BIRTH OF DRACULA'S SON, JANUS.
IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE IF DRACULA WERE TO DIE THEN!
LISTEN NOW...

NIGHT:
DEATH IS ON WING THIS COAL-DARK EVE. IT SOARS AS A SILENT SMOKEY WISP THROUGH THE LONG SHADOWS OVER BOSTON'S BEACON HILL.
IT ARCS EVER FORWARD, UNTIL IT FINALLY COMES TO ROOST--BACK HOME.

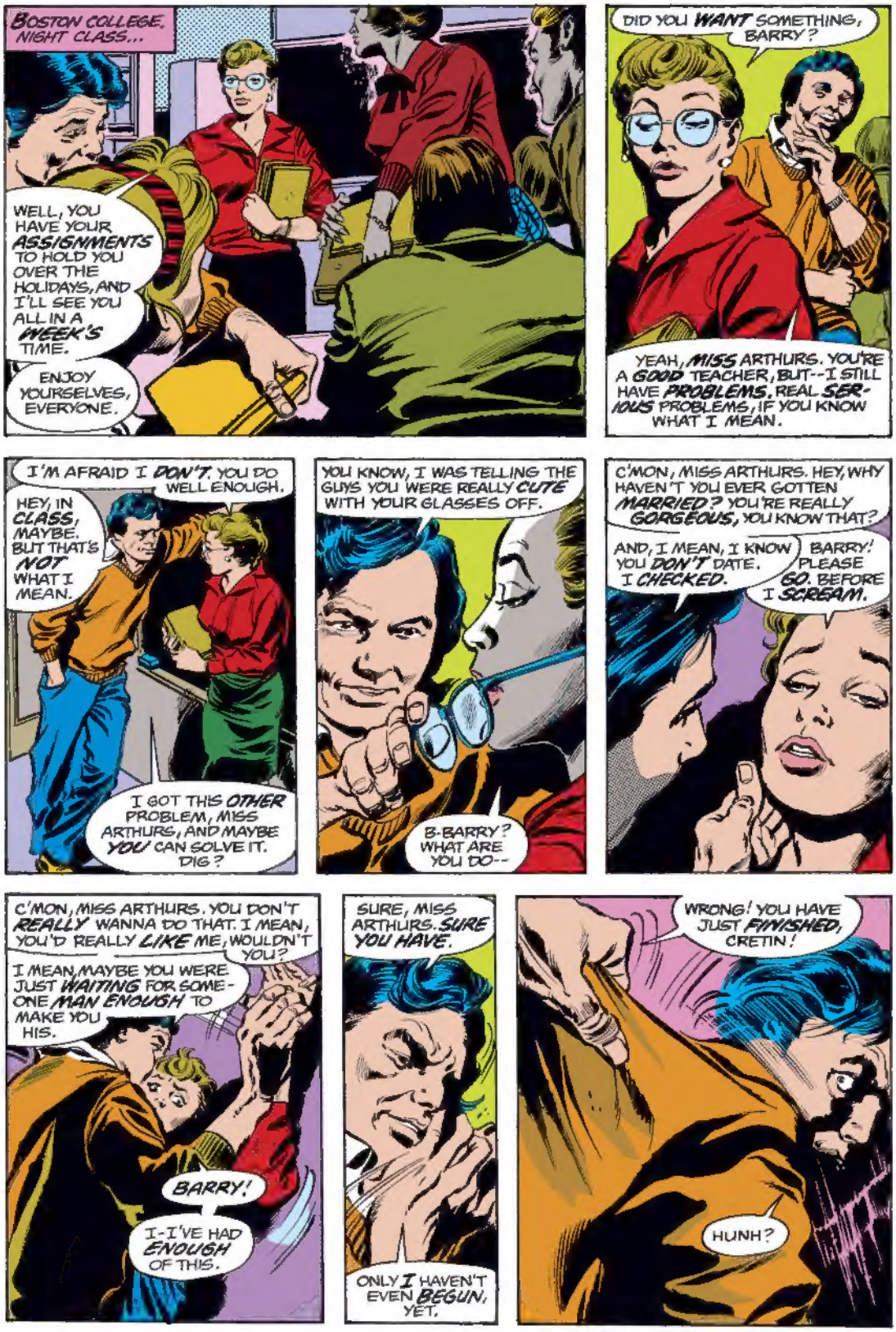

YOU WERE GONE A LONG TIME, MY HUSBAND. I... WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY.
NOTHING CAN HURT ME, MY DEAR. I WAS MERELY DETAINED.*
BUT, I'M BACK, FOR YOU... FOR OUR SON.
*AS SHOWN IN TOD #57. --M.W.

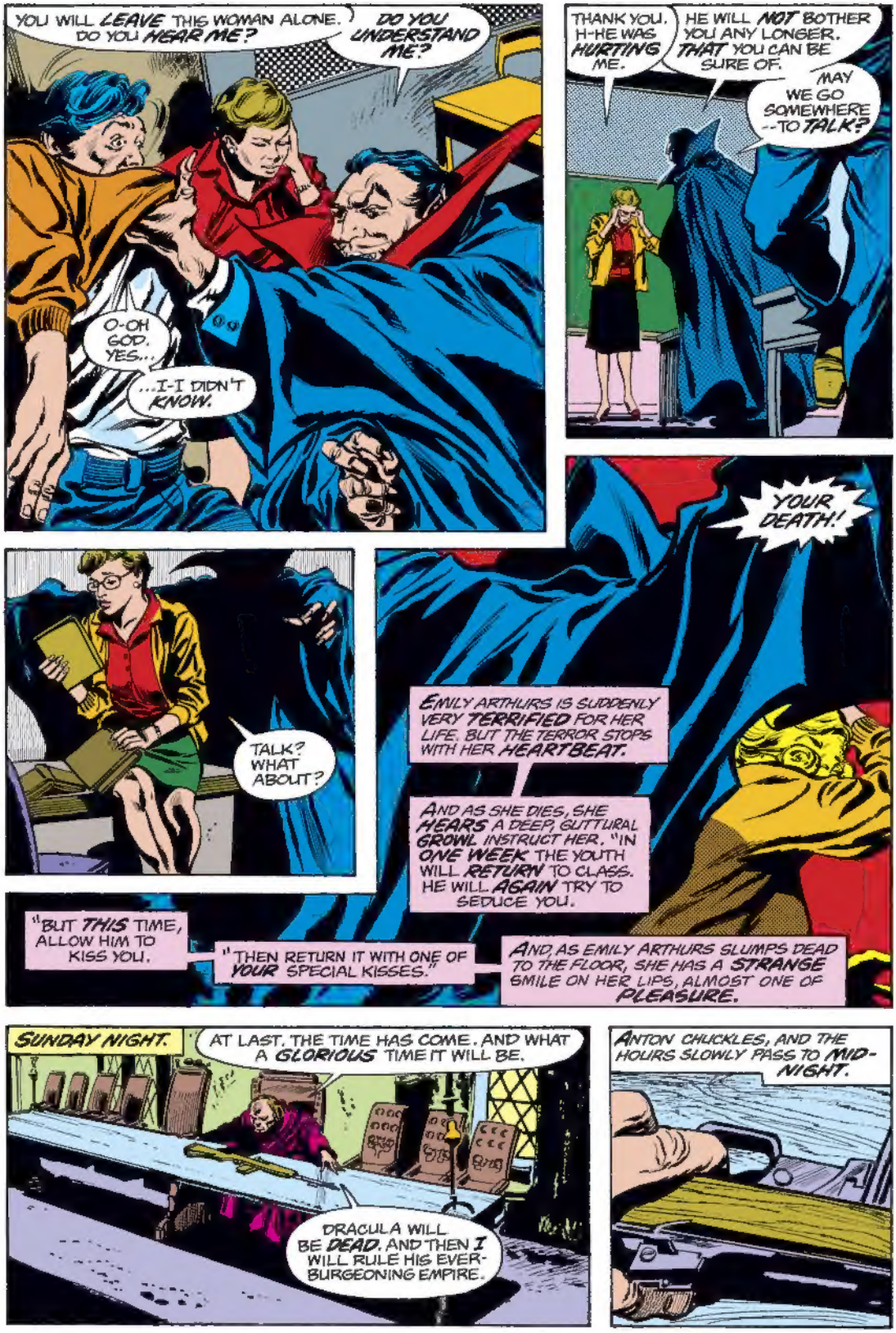
JANUS, YOU ARE THE SON OF DRACULA. THE BLOOD OF MY BLOOD, FLESH OF MY FLESH.
LONG AGO I BELIEVED I COULD NEVER HAVE ANOTHER HEIR. BUT--
--YOU ARE IN MY HANDS. YOU CARRY ON THE HERITAGE OF DRACULA!

THROUGH YOU, THE HUMAN RABBLE WILL COME TO ME. THEY WILL WORSHIP YOU--AND I WILL CONTROL THEM!
JANUS! THE SON OF THE DARK LORD! THE CHILD OF THE DAMNED!
JANUS! MY SON! MY LONG SOUGHT-AFTER SON!

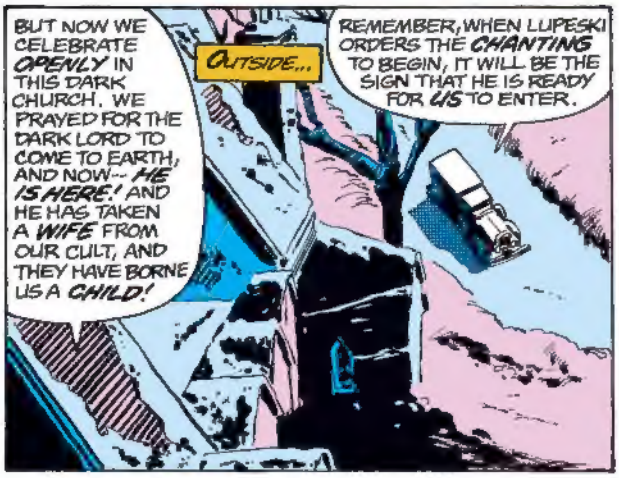
YOU REMEMBER THE FEAST THIS SUNDAY NIGHT?
COULD I FORGET IT? DID I NOT PLAN THE FESTIVAL MYSELF?

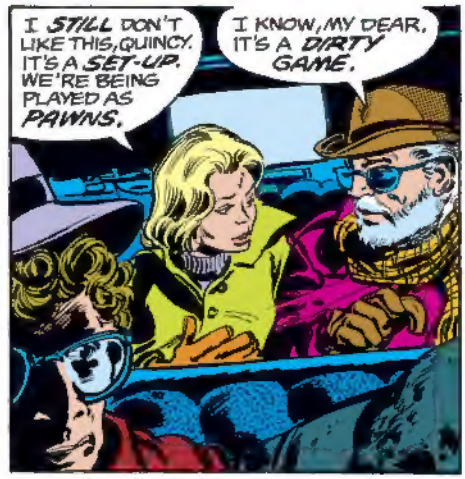
IT WILL STRENGTHEN THE BOND BETWEEN FATHER AND SON... AND PROVE TO ONE AND ALL THAT I HOLD JANUS, AND NOT THAT FOOL, LUPESKI, WHO SEEKS TO USURP MY POWER.
BUT NOW, MY DEAR, I MUST LEAVE YOU AGAIN.
FOR I HAVE MY OWN FEASTING TO DO THIS NIGHT.

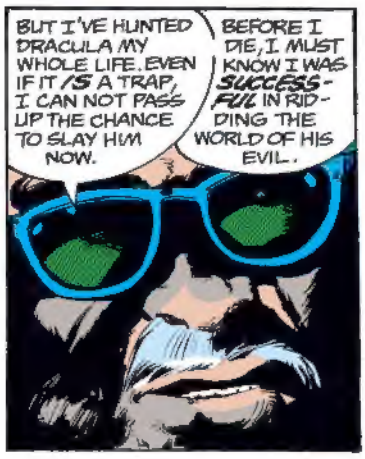

BOSTON COLLEGE. NIGHT CLASS...
WELL, YOU HAVE YOUR ASSIGNMENTS TO HOLD YOU OVER THE HOLIDAYS, AND I'LL SEE YOU ALL IN A WEEK'S TIME.
ENJOY YOURSELVES, EVERYONE.
DID YOU WANT SOMETHING, BARRY?
YEAH, MISS ARTHURS. YOU'RE A GOOD TEACHER, BUT--I STILL HAVE PROBLEMS. REAL SERIOUS PROBLEMS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
I'M AFRAID I DON'T. YOU DO WELL ENOUGH.
HEY, IN CLASS, MAYBE. BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN.
I GOT THIS OTHER PROBLEM, MISS ARTHURS, AND MAYBE YOU CAN SOLVE IT. DIG?
YOU KNOW, I WAS TELLING THE GUYS YOU WERE REALLY CUTE WITH YOUR GLASSES OFF.
B-BARRY? WHAT ARE YOU DO--
C'MON, MISS ARTHURS. HEY, WHY HAVEN'T YOU EVER GOTTEN MARRIED? YOU'RE REALLY GORGEOUS, YOU KNOW THAT?
AND, I MEAN, I KNOW YOU DON'T DATE. I CHECKED.
BARRY! PLEASE GO. BEFORE I SCREAM.
C'MON, MISS ARTHURS. YOU DON'T REALLY WANNA DO THAT. I MEAN, YOU'D REALLY LIKE ME, WOULDN'T YOU?
I MEAN, MAYBE YOU WERE JUST WAITING FOR SOMEONE MAN ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU HIS.
BARRY!
I-I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS.
SURE, MISS ARTHURS. SURE YOU HAVE.
ONLY I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN, YET.
WRONG! YOU HAVE JUST FINISHED, CRETIN!
HUNH?

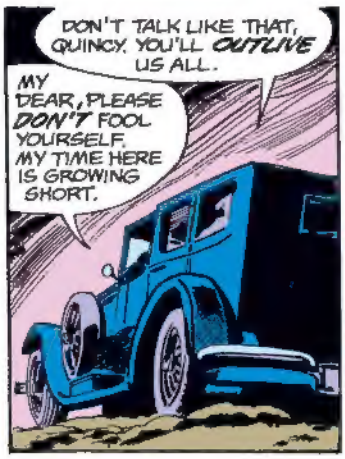

YOU WILL LEAVE THIS WOMAN ALONE. DO YOU HEAR ME?
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
O-OH GOD, YES...
...I-I DIDN'T KNOW.
THANK YOU. H-HE WAS HURTING ME.
HE WILL NOT BOTHER YOU ANY LONGER. THAT YOU CAN BE SURE OF.
MAY WE GO SOMEWHERE --TO TALK?
TALK? WHAT ABOUT?
YOUR DEATH!
EMILY ARTHURS IS SUDDENLY VERY TERRIFIED FOR HER LIFE. BUT THE TERROR STOPS WITH HER HEARTBEAT.
AND AS SHE DIES, SHE HEARS A DEEP, GUTTURAL GROWL INSTRUCT HER. "IN ONE WEEK THE YOUTH WILL RETURN TO CLASS. HE WILL AGAIN TRY TO SEDUCE YOU.
"BUT THIS TIME, ALLOW HIM TO KISS YOU.
"THEN RETURN IT WITH ONE OF YOUR SPECIAL KISSES."
AND, AS EMILY ARTHURS SLUMPS DEAD TO THE FLOOR, SHE HAS A STRANGE SMILE ON HER LIPS, ALMOST ONE OF PLEASURE.
SUNDAY NIGHT.
AT LAST. THE TIME HAS COME. AND WHAT A GLORIOUS TIME IT WILL BE.
DRACULA WILL BE DEAD. AND THEN I WILL RULE HIS EVER-BURGEONING EMPIRE.
ANTON CHUCKLES, AND THE HOURS SLOWLY PASS TO MID-NIGHT.

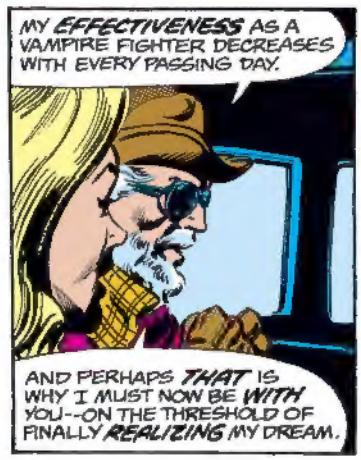
THE FEAST!
THERE WILL BE THIRTEEN FOR DINNER THIS NIGHT. THIRTEEN SOULS HONORING THE SON OF THE DARK LORD!
ONE OF THAT NUMBER IS, HOWEVER, A TRAITOR. AND HE IS THE ONE WHO CALLS THE ASSEMBLAGE TO ORDER.
SILENCE! SILENCE!
THE TIME FOR THE FEAST IS NOW. THE TIME FOR REJOICING HAS COME!
FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE COME WITH ME THROUGH THESE MANY YEARS, YOU WILL REMEMBER WHEN OUR DARK CHURCH ONCE HID IN THE DEEPEST SHADOWS OF MY LOWER BASEMENT.


BUT NOW WE CELEBRATE OPENLY IN THIS DARK CHURCH. WE PRAYED FOR THE DARK LORD TO COME TO EARTH, AND NOW-- HE IS HERE! AND HE HAS TAKEN A WIFE FROM OUR CULT, AND THEY HAVE BORNE US A CHILD!
OUTSIDE...
REMEMBER, WHEN LUPESKI ORDERS THE CHANTING TO BEGIN, IT WILL BE THE SIGN THAT HE IS READY FOR US TO ENTER.


I STILL DON'T LIKE THIS, QUINCY. IT'S A SET-UP. WE'RE BEING PLAYED AS PAWNS.
I KNOW, MY DEAR, IT'S A DIRTY GAME.


BUT I'VE HUNTED DRACULA MY WHOLE LIFE. EVEN IF IT IS A TRAP, I CAN NOT PASS UP THE CHANCE TO SLAY HIM NOW.
BEFORE I DIE, I MUST KNOW I WAS SUCCESSFUL IN RIDDING THE WORLD OF HIS EVIL.


DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, QUINCY. YOU'LL OUTLIVE US ALL.
MY DEAR, PLEASE DON'T FOOL YOURSELF. MY TIME HERE IS GROWING SHORT.


MY EFFECTIVENESS AS A VAMPIRE FIGHTER DECREASES WITH EVERY PASSING DAY.
AND PERHAPS THAT IS WHY I MUST NOW BE WITH YOU--ON THE THRESHOLD OF FINALLY REALIZING MY DREAM.

FRANK! QUINCY! LOOK! THERE'S A BAT FLYING THIS WAY.
THAT'S GOT TO BE BIG-DADDY DRAC HIMSELF.
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, HAROLD. I'D KNOW THAT SILHOUETTE EVEN IN A BAT NEST!
DUCK! WE DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE US, NOT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!
BACK INSIDE THE DARK CHURCH...
AH, YOU ARE ALL HERE. VERY GOOD, MY SUBJECTS.
BE SEATED. THE FEAST IS READY!
AND NOW THE TOAST IS TO BE GIVEN.
JANUS, WHO SHALL GROW FROM CHILD TO BECOME LEADER OF US ALL! MAY HE AND NO OTHER RULE US FOREVER!
THIS FEAST IS IN HONOR OF THE DARK LORD'S SON--JANUS--THE NEW MASTER!
AND NOW, LET US CHANT TO THE SON OF THE DARK LORD.
DRACULA QUIETLY SMILES. LET LUPESKI HAVE HIS MOMENT. LET LUPESKI RANT ON, SUBTLY ATTEMPTING TO USURP DRACULA'S POWER. FOR, THE LORD OF VAMPIRES KNOWS THIS WILL BE LUPESKI'S LAST MOMENT. WHEN THE CHANTING IS AT ITS HIGHEST PITCH, HE WILL SLAY THE POWER-HUNGRY PIG, AND PROVE TO ALL JUST WHO IS THE DARK LORD, AND WHO IS THE SERVANT.

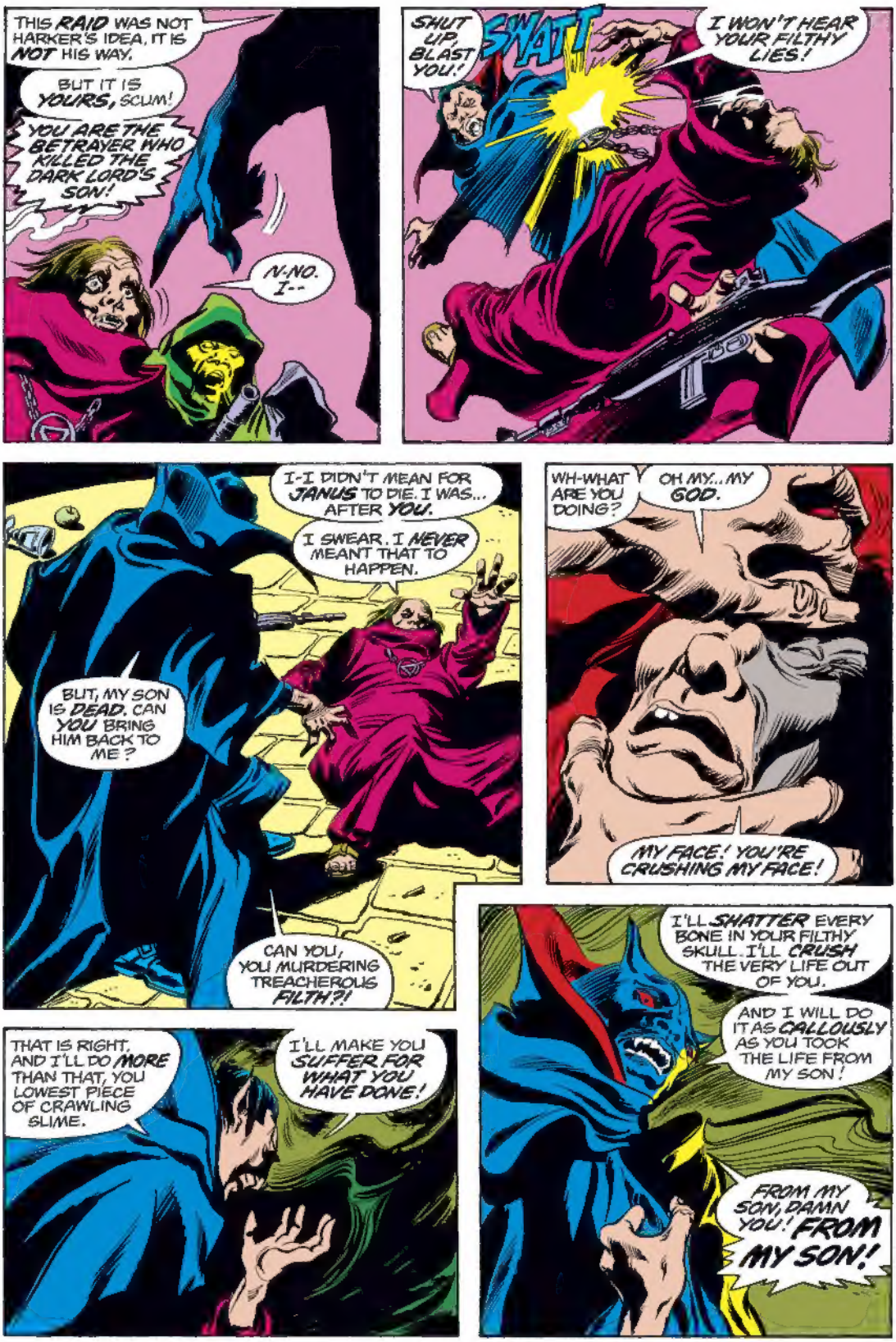
IT'S BEGUN. THE SIGN FOR US TO ENTER.
YOU SURE YOU CAN MAKE IT, QUINCY?
EVEN IF I COULDN'T, I WOULD. LET'S GO, PLEASE.
THE CHANTING BEGINS SOFTLY, THEN RISES TO A THUNDEROUS CRESCENDO. TWELVE ROBED AND MASKED FORMS, ALL HONORING THE GOLDEN-SKINNED CHILD, RISE FROM THEIR SEATS. AND AS THE VOICES GROW LOUDER, DRACULA JOINS THEM. FOR THIS IS THE MOMENT LUPESKI MUST DIE.
BUT DRACULA'S PLANS, AS ALL OTHERS AT TIMES, GO ASTRAY.
ALL RIGHT, DRAC--YOU'RE FINISHED!
DRAKE? YOU HERE?
NOW?

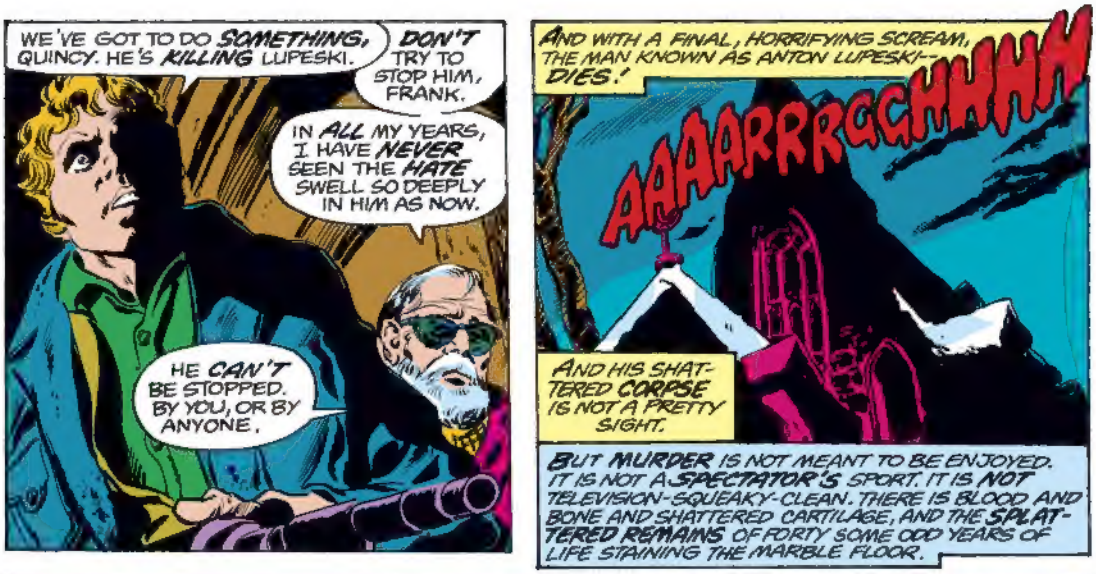
THEY ARE HERE TO SLAY YOU, DEMON, JUST AS I AM!
FAREWELL, FOOL! YOUR UNLIFE IS AT AN END--NOW!
BAM
ARRGGHHH!
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? I FEEL THE BULLETS HITTING ME!
THE SILVER BULLETS, VAMPIRE! THEY CLEAVE THROUGH YOUR HEART. THEY BURN YOUR FLESH AND BONE FROM WITHIN!
DRACULA! HUSBAND. I--
GRAB HER AND THE CHILD. TAKE THEM AWAY FROM HERE--NOW!
N-NO. I-I WON'T LEAVE.
GET AWAY FROM ME. I MUST BE WITH MY HUSBAND.
MY DRACULA!
YOUR EX-HUBBY, LADY. 'CAUSE THIS IS HIS LAST STAND!
HE'S NOT SURVIVING THIS ATTACK, LADY
NO WAY!
BAM

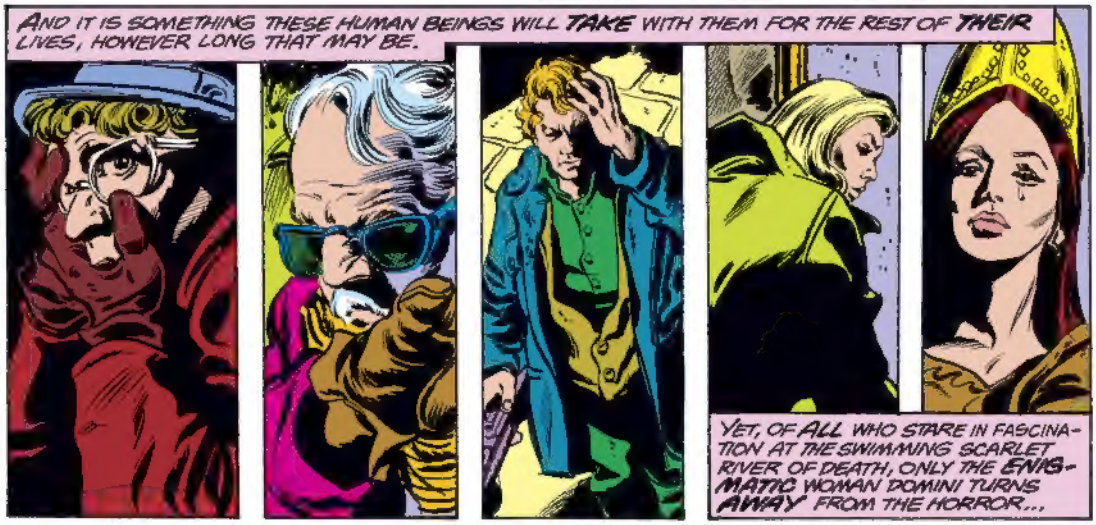
DAMN YOU, DRAKE. DAMN YOU ALL!
ARGGHHH!
MY CHEST! IT'S AFIRE!
I-I CAN'T LOOK. SOMEONE, PLEASE TELL ME IF I'M DOING ANYTHING?
KPOW
I-I NEVER TOLD YOU BEFORE. BUT I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD.
I-I HEARD A SCREAM. D-DID I HURT ANYONE?
YOU HIT DRACULA, HAROLD. YOU DID WELL.
I-I DID? C-CAN I OPEN MY EYES NOW?
...GASP-- I...I WILL KILL... YOU ALL...
...I WILL... TEAR YOU-- CHOKE-- APART.
SPAK!
UNGHHH!
MY CHEST!
THE EXCITEMENT! IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME. MUST CALM DOWN.
SO YOU'RE STILL FIGHTING BACK-- EVEN WITH TWO DOZEN SILVER BULLETS PUMPED INTO YOUR HEART.
BUT AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU, FANGS--YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIGHT-- AGAIN.
MR DRAKE-- FRANK!
MOVE! I-I MUST BE THE ONE TO KILL THAT MURDERING BA--
BAM

AAAGGHHH!!
GOD! I THINK YOU DID IT, QUINCY.
HIS SCREAMS ARE STILL ECHOING THROUGH MY HEAD.
NO! LOOK... HE'S STRUGGLING ...TRYING TO TURN TO MIST
IF HE DOES... OUR WORK WILL BE IN VAIN.
THE SILVER BULLETS WILL GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM. HE COULD RE-MATERIAL-IZE-- WITH ABSOLUTELY NO WOUNDS!
IT'S TOO LATE, VAN HELSING. I'VE MADE THE CHANGE!
THUD
I-I STILL EXIST!
THEN, HERE, SCUM. TRY THIS!
WHAT? YOU'RE FORMING AGAIN!
I-I'VE GOT TO AIM THIS PERFECTLY. ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE. IT MUST GO DIRECTLY THROUGH HIS HEART.
NOW!
SWAK
BUT NOT MUCH LONGER.
TO STRIKE BACK AT US, YOU'VE GOT TO RE-MATERIALIZE.
AND THE MOMENT YOU DO, MY BULLETS WILL BE THE ONES TO FINAL-LY KILL YOU!
L-LORD! TH-THE BULLET--
DRACULA RETURNED TO MIST... IT WENT THROUGH MY HUSBAND.
AND IT HIT JANUS!
THAT BULLET KILLED MY SON!

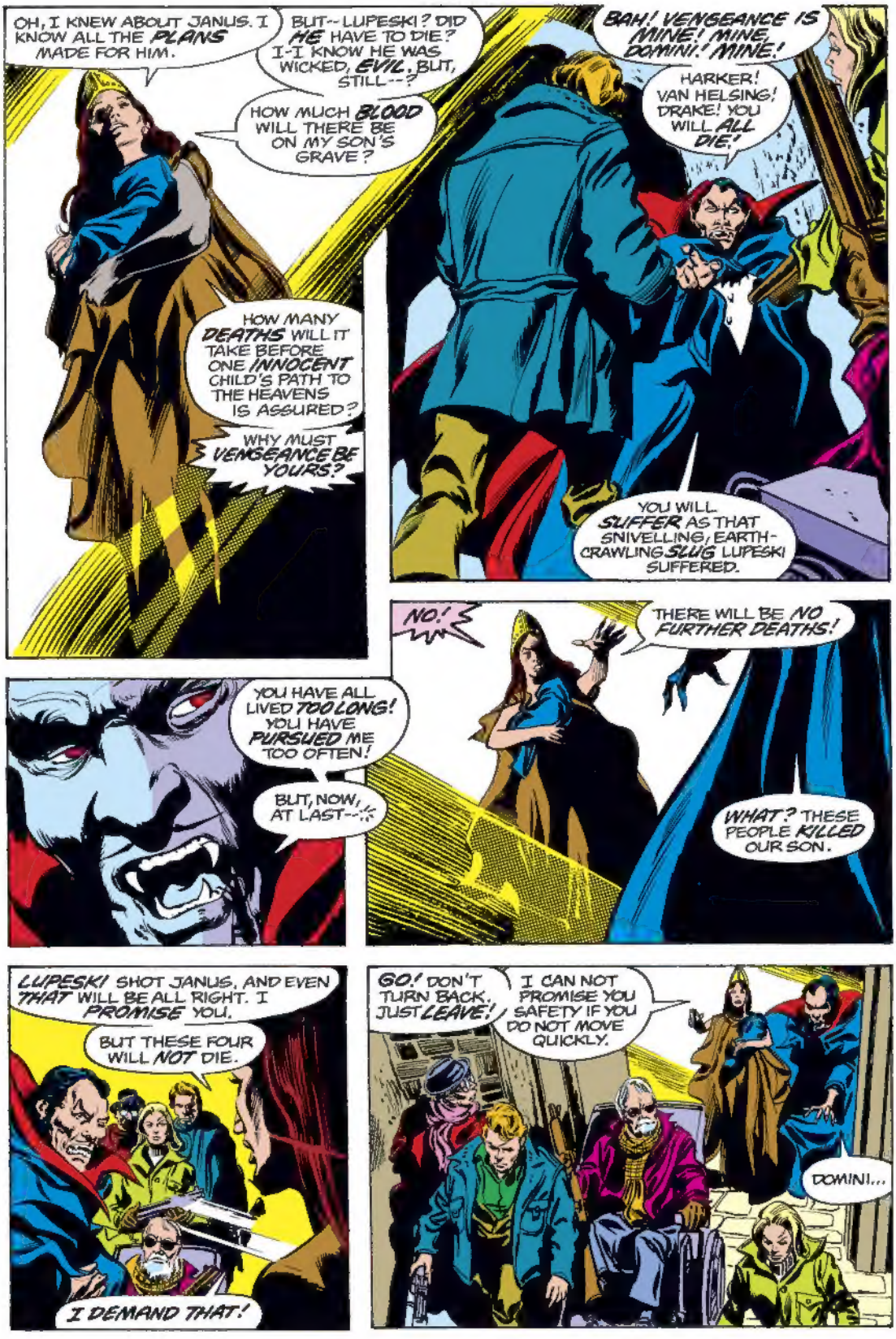
UTTER STILLNESS. NOT A SOUND IS MADE. NOT A MOTION IS BEGUN. IT'S AS IF TIME HAS SUDDENLY TURNED ITSELF OFF!
AND FOUR HUMANS FIND THEMSELVES CAUGHT IN ONE EVERLASTING MOMENT OF TERROR!
MY SON... JANUS
MY HEIR. FLESH OF MY FLESH. BLOOD OF MY BLOOD!
MY SON DEAD?
NO!
D-DRACULA--
SHUT UP, OLD MAN!

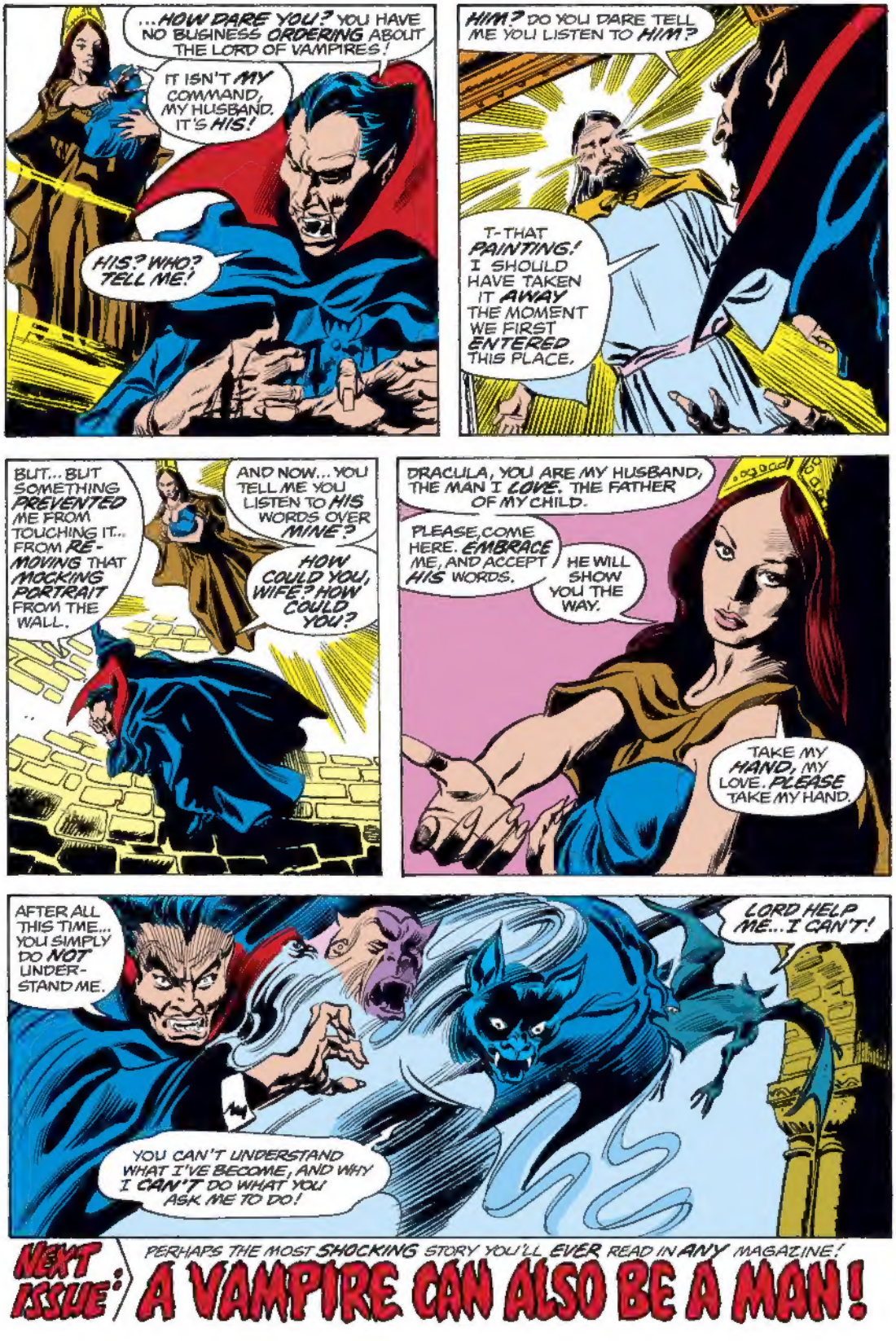

THIS RAID WAS NOT HARKER'S IDEA, IT IS NOT HIS WAY.
BUT IT IS YOURS, SCUM!
YOU ARE THE BETRAYER WHO KILLED THE DARK LORD'S SON!
N-NO. I--
SHUT UP, BLAST YOU!
SWAT!
I WON'T HEAR YOUR FILTHY LIES!
I-I DIDN'T MEAN FOR JANUS TO DIE. I WAS... AFTER YOU.
I SWEAR. I NEVER MEANT THAT TO HAPPEN.
BUT, MY SON IS DEAD. CAN YOU BRING HIM BACK TO ME?
CAN YOU, YOU MURDERING TREACHEROUS FILTH?!
WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH MY... MY GOD.
MY FACE! YOU'RE CRUSHING MY FACE!
I'LL SHATTER EVERY BONE IN YOUR FILTHY SKULL. I'LL CRUSH THE VERY LIFE OUT OF YOU.
AND I WILL DO IT AS CALLOUSLY AS YOU TOOK THE LIFE FROM MY SON!
FROM MY SON, DAMN YOU! FROM MY SON!
THAT IS RIGHT. AND I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT, YOU LOWEST PIECE OF CRAWLING SLIME.
I'LL MAKE YOU SUFFER FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE!


WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, QUINCY. HE'S KILLING LUPESKI.
DON'T TRY TO STOP HIM, FRANK.
IN ALL MY YEARS, I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE HATE SWELL SO DEEPLY IN HIM AS NOW.
HE CAN'T BE STOPPED. BY YOU, OR BY ANYONE.
AND WITH A FINAL, HORRIFYING SCREAM, THE MAN KNOWN AS ANTON LUPESKI-- DIES!
AAAARRRGGHHHH
AND HIS SHATTERED CORPSE IS NOT A PRETTY SIGHT.
BUT MURDER IS NOT MEANT TO BE ENJOYED. IT IS NOT A SPECTATOR'S SPORT. IT IS NOT TELEVISION-SQUEAKY-CLEAN. THERE IS BLOOD AND BONE AND SHATTERED CARTILAGE, AND THE SPLATTERED REMAINS OF FORTY SOME ODD YEARS OF LIFE STAINING THE MARBLE FLOOR.


AND IT IS SOMETHING THESE HUMAN BEINGS WILL TAKE WITH THEM FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES, HOWEVER LONG THAT MAY BE.
YET, OF ALL WHO STARE IN FASCINATION AT THE SWIMMING SCARLET RIVER OF DEATH, ONLY THE ENIGMATIC WOMAN DOMINI TURNS AWAY FROM THE HORROR...

... TO SEARCH FOR A-- SIGN.
WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU MANY MONTHS AGO, I SAW THE SHINING IN YOUR EYES.
I KNEW THEN WHAT WAS TO HAPPEN. BUT I DIDN'T... COULDN'T KNOW HOW HORRIBLE IT WOULD BE.
GOD, I DIDN'T KNOW.


OH, I KNEW ABOUT JANUS. I KNOW ALL THE PLANS MADE FOR HIM.
BUT--LUPESKI? DID HE HAVE TO DIE? I-I KNOW HE WAS WICKED, EVIL, BUT, STILL--?
HOW MUCH BLOOD WILL THERE BE ON MY SON'S GRAVE?
HOW MANY DEATHS WILL IT TAKE BEFORE ONE INNOCENT CHILD'S PATH TO THE HEAVENS IS ASSURED?
WHY MUST VENGEANCE BE YOURS?
BAH! VENGEANCE IS MINE! MINE, DOMINI! MINE!
HARKER! VAN HELSING! DRAKE! YOU WILL ALL DIE!
YOU WILL SUFFER AS THAT SNIVELLING, EARTH-CRAWLING SLUG LUPESKI SUFFERED.
NO!
THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER DEATHS!
YOU HAVE ALL LIVED TOO LONG! YOU HAVE PURSUED ME TOO OFTEN!
BUT, NOW, AT LAST--!
WHAT? THESE PEOPLE KILLED OUR SON.
LUPESKI SHOT JANUS, AND EVEN THAT WILL BE ALL RIGHT. I PROMISE YOU.
BUT THESE FOUR WILL NOT DIE.
I DEMAND THAT!
GO! DON'T TURN BACK. JUST LEAVE!
I CAN NOT PROMISE YOU SAFETY IF YOU DO NOT MOVE QUICKLY.
DOMINI...


...HOW DARE YOU? YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS ORDERING ABOUT THE LORD OF VAMPIRES!
IT ISN'T MY COMMAND, MY HUSBAND. IT'S HIS!
HIS? WHO? TELL ME!
HIM? DO YOU DARE TELL ME YOU LISTEN TO HIM?
T-THAT PAINTING! I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN IT AWAY THE MOMENT WE FIRST ENTERED THIS PLACE.
BUT... BUT SOMETHING PREVENTED ME FROM TOUCHING IT... FROM RE-MOVING THAT MOCKING PORTRAIT FROM THE WALL.
AND NOW... YOU TELL ME YOU LISTEN TO HIS WORDS OVER MINE?
HOW COULD YOU, WIFE? HOW COULD YOU?
DRACULA, YOU ARE MY HUSBAND, THE MAN I LOVE. THE FATHER OF MY CHILD.
PLEASE, COME HERE. EMBRACE ME, AND ACCEPT HIS WORDS.
HE WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY.
TAKE MY HAND, MY LOVE. PLEASE TAKE MY HAND.
AFTER ALL THIS TIME... YOU SIMPLY DO NOT UNDER-STAND ME.
LORD HELP ME... I CAN'T!
YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE BECOME, AND WHY I CAN'T DO WHAT YOU ASK ME TO DO!

NEXT ISSUE: PERHAPS THE MOST SHOCKING STORY YOU'LL EVER READ IN ANY MAGAZINE!

A VAMPIRE CAN ALSO BE A MAN!